SOME TIME.

Some time we shall know why
Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain;
And why our steps are shadowed so by pain;
And why we often lie
On couches sown with thorns of care and doubt,
And why our lives are thickly hedged about
With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Some time we shall know why
Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away,
And why our brightest flowers first decay;
Why song is lost in sigh.
Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart—
Estrangement, space and death rend heart from heart,
Until from deepest depths the teardrops start.

Some time we all shall know
Each other, aye, as we ourselves are known;
And see how out of darkness light has grown.
And He—who loves us so—
Despite our wilfulness and blind complaint—
Will show us how His kind and calm restraint
Can mold a human soul into a saint

Some time our eyes shall see
The silver lining to the darkest cloud,
While silvery echoes follow thunder loud.
Some time our hearts shall be
Content, forgetting all our restless mood,
And knowing everything has worked for good—
The how, and when, and why be understood.

—Lillian Gray.

THE DWARF'S LITTLE BROTHER.

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE IN A MEXICAN TOWN.

MISS STANLEY was a pink-and-white English girl, very tall and shapely. The Mexican girls, who ordered out their carriages if they had a block to go, used to look upon her with amazement as she tramped down their steep streets with a fine, swinging, heel-and-toe gait.

She was picking her way one day among the vendors in the plaza, stopping once in a while to give some whining beggar or tattered monstrosity a centavo, when she felt her skirt pulled. Looking, she saw a tiny hand held out, and a childish voice piped the usual formula for alms. The little creature was no taller than a child of four. But the face! It was old and withered. The eyes were sunken and so old! Miss Stanley pulled back the rebozo—the hair was gray.

"A dwarf," she thought, with a little feeling of repulsion. "How old are you?"

"Fifty-four," piped up the wee thing. Then, true to her sex, "The priest will tell you fifty-eight, but I am not; I am only fifty-four." She said her name was Rosita.

Rosita, it appeared, did nearly anything for a living, begging preferably, although that is a somewhat overcrowded profession in Mexico. Sometimes she sold chickens or vegetables on a commission. She had another source of income, being pensioner on the bounty of a young man—a centavo a week—but she confessed sadly he made her jump for the coin, and if he held his arm out straight she might jump in vain, she could not reach it.

"The brute!" said Miss Stanley. Rosita did not know the meaning, but she looked up, pleased. That was good, the English lady was taking an interest in her, for the expletive sounded profane, and profanity from a feminine source indicated strong emotion, which she construed favorably.

The poor in Mexico are always hungry, and Miss Stanley, knowing this failing, took Rosita to a little one-room restaurant. The menu was confined strictly to Mexican dishes.

Miss Stanley noticed that Rosita put half her dinner to one side, wrapping the carne and frijoles in tortillas. When she came to a dulce of some tropic fruit, boiled in a syrup of cane sugar, her little wrinkled eyes looked wistful.

"How can I take some to my little brother?" she asked.

Miss Stanley asked another question: "Is this food you have put away for your brother?"

"Yes," answered Rosita, in her squeaky voice, "I take all the care of him. We are alone, and I work for him. He is locked in the room now, see," and she held up the massive key peculiar to Mexican doors.

"Why is he locked in?" asked Miss Stanley, as she directed the mozo to put the dinner in a couple of ollas for Rosita to take to her brother.

"He has combats with the children in the street, and I am afraid some one will get hurt," she answered.

Miss Stanley watched her trot away, laden with the dinner for her brother. So little and so old, unlike many dwarfs not bulky—indeed, pitifully thin. It was not until she reached her home that Miss Stanley remembered she had not asked how old the "little brother" was.

She often met Rosita after that, sometimes in the Jardin, where the roses nodded overhead, and violets bloomed underfoot, and the band played softly and sweetly, as Mexican bands do. Rosita would dart from the circling stream of pelado into the inner circle, where the quality walked under the trees or sat on the iron benches. Miss Stanley could seldom resist the little, dirty, badly worked square of drawn-work held out by the tiny hand.

Constance Stanley had no father or mother, and, living with a brother who was endeavoring to effect the drainage of "the richest silver mine in the world," she wandered unchecked through the crowded, narrow streets of the old town with a young criada her only safeguard.

She had often longed to explore a dark street that plunged downward from the paved and civilized one. It was damp and murky. A staircase of stone, with crumbling adobe walls, two and three stories high. Across the street's narrow width fluttered strings of washing. The women, with their red petticoats and blue rebozos, made bright blots of color. The men loafed about, lean and ragged. It reminded her of Naples. The doorways swarmed with babies and dogs—poverty marching always side by side with those innocents.

Down she went. The street made an abrupt turn. At the corner she was startled by seeing, protruding from a hole cut in a squalid doorway, several long, black fingers. They were withdrawn, and she saw, as she passed the door, two blood-shot eyes peering out like beast's eyes.

"Nina, ninita! the good mother of God sent you, and see what gain will be yours!" Turning, Miss Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel. She had a plate to sell—a coarse, ironstone china plate, chipped and cracked. There was a look of intense agony on her old face, and her wee hands shook as she drew her treasure forth from under her rebozo. The plate was impossible, and Constance, breaking that fact very gently to the little dwarf, was astonished to see the tears gather and fall over her shriveled cheeks.

"For two days, senorita, I have not dared unlock that door," and she nodded toward the mean portal where the eyes had shone and the fingers protruded restlessly. "'Little brother' has nothing to eat, except the few tortillas the poor around here could give, and many of these go hungry from the sun's coming up until the sun's going down."

Constance sent her servant and Rosita to the plaza for some cooked food, and, while she waited, she talked in the doorways with Pepita and Lola and Juana. They told her how Rosita worked and starved for her brother.

"How old is he?" asked Constance.

"Quien sabe?" they said.

"Is he a child or is he big enough to work for her?" she asked, impatiently.

"Ah! he is grandote, but also he is loco, un maniatico. See, that is Jose now who glares from the hole in the door."

Miss Stanley listened to them with that rapt attention we all give to tales of the mad. He dug deep holes in the earth floor, burrowing like an animal, sometimes he escaped in that way and then there was fear in the narrow street, and the police, after a bloody fight, would drag him shrieking back to the one poor room Rosita called home. She had always put food through the door for him before venturing to open it.

Once, for a long time, he had not menaced the peace of the street. That was when he killed the sereno. A policeman had jeered him as he peered from the hole in the door, much as people tease a hyena snarling in a cage. The mad have memories, for Jose, one night when the moon was big, crept softly about the dark room, and, finding the key Rosita's small cunning had hidden, opened the door, crept again softly up the street to an adobe doorway where was sleeping a sereno, his head on his knees. The police have a day and night shift, but one cannot expect a madman to know everything. So it was an innocent man who had his neck wrung as the cook does a chicken's. They could only guess what then happened. There were only the pulsing stars looking silently down and the great, calm moon. However, it was evident he must have dragged and worried and and teased that poor piece of clay for God knows how far or long.

They found him asleep by the dead sereno, and, although too polite in the "Land of the Noonday Sun" to manacle or chain, they took the precaution to tie with stout maguey rope Jose's slumbering bulk before six of the largest policemen would venture to carry him to the carcel. Jose's kind of people are treated with deference in Mexico. So, after some time, the man was sent back for the dwarf to feed and care for, and Rosita's face took on more wrinkles each day.

By the time Rosita returned with the food, Constance, who understood Spanish very well, had heard much of the "little brother."

She declined to look through the peep-hole at him ravening over his dinner like a wild beast. Followed by Rosita's wordy gratitude, she climbed to the top of the street and there met Mr. Dysart.

Mr. Dysart had but lately risen from the following letter:

Dear Mollie: Tell father I am looking after the mining business in great shape. Mexico is rather jolly. I went to the Governor's ball last night. Only one English girl there, Miss Stanley, awful pretty girl. I knew her brother, Dick Stanley, at Trinity. Won a cup at the three-mile. He's a pretty good sort. Tell Bob if he can get that liver-colored dog of Oglethorpe for eight guineas to buy her. Look out for Tobin's foot. Don't let the old duffer from the Clancarty stables fool with it. Tell all the "old folk" that Master Tony sent them love and wishin' them a good pratie crop. Love to dad and yourself. TONY.

After Tony Dysart had evolved this characteristic missive from his insides, he went out for a swallow of fresh air and to relieve himself of the strain of composition by a long walk.

Constance was very lovely at the dance, in a faint-green brocade, with a quantity of creamy old lace. Some crimson poppies were twisted round her ivory shoulders. One or two more of the flaming flowers shone from her pale-gold hair. Mr. Dysart completely lost his head over her; as he had a lot of possessions in Ireland, among them a rich father and an ancient and honorable ancestry, he could afford to do so.

He was thinking of her as she had looked the night before, when suddenly she appeared, with her servant, coming up from a street dark and deep, like a well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of being at college with her brother, he began with true manly irascibility to take her to task for her imprudence. But Miss Constance tightened up her soft, haughty mouth and, giving him the rear curve of a tweed shoulder to study, led him a chase home.

The house the brother and sister occupied had been Senor Lopez's, but was presented to Dick, together with a mine worth millions, several black-eyed girls, and what other trifling property Don Felipe owned. However, Dick continued to pay the rent regularly and gazed on the girls from afar. The hanging-lamp was lighted in the zaguan; and when the mozo unchained the great double doors, a flood of melody and fragrance rushed out to greet them from the birds and flowers in the dim patio. Dick, in a smoking-jacket, lounged out from the sala to insist that Tony, old boy, should take tea with them. Which he did.

That was the first difference between the brother and sister. Dick adored Tony, and every night they pumped out the mine or rode to hounds over the sala floor. But Constance detested him, and, contrary to her usual reticence, said so. She tramped around the disreputable and filthy streets twice as much as before, for she knew it annoyed him. Sometimes she would see him following, and she resented his espionage.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick would ask. "You know my theory, Connie, that a sporty man like Dysart makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! who is talking about husbands? I think that a man who is utterly doggy and horsey and takes Browning to be authority on pink-eye or glanders is a very poor companion. To quote your 'dear Tony,' 'we don't trot in the same class!'"

Dick gave a contemptuous snort. This was one day at luncheon, and Constance, instead of the good cry she pined for, took a walk. She had not seen Rosita for some time, and she turned her steps toward what Dr. Dysart called "those cut-throat dens."

She had never seen the street so deserted. All were taking a siesta, even the dogs. As she reached the sharp corner, she heard a thin little shriek full of appeal. She recognized Rosita's voice, and ran with her criada at her side into the low, open doorway she had before so shudderingly avoided.

There, snapping his teeth and rolling his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's "little brother" tied with strong ropes to an iron pin in the wall—but his arms were free, and he stood there, a giant in size. He had secured the key and had almost pulled the staple from the wall, but Rosita was clinging to his arm and calling for help. To and fro he swung her as a wolf might a rabbit.

He had the key in his black, cruel hands and he brought it down on her up-turned face. Then again, as Constance rushed forward with a scream, the key fell with a crunch on the little, old, gray head.

At that moment the pin gave way, for adobe walls are not strong. Constance turned with her hands thrown out wildly. Over Rosita's body the madman tripped with a crash to the earth floor; just as he fell, he caught Constance's gown in his grasp. She fell with him, and, falling, knew the room had filled with a clattering crowd, and that Tony Dysart, smooth-shaven and blonde, loomed above all.

Constance, with the help of her criada, got out in the street, where she listened, with beating heart, to the cries, curses, and scuffling going on inside.

There was one dominating, awful groan—then a sinister silence.

A moment of sickening uncertainty for that unemotional young Englishwoman, and Tony Dysart, panting, his clothes torn, and blood-stains on his face and hands.

He walked firmly enough, to give Constance a helping arm up the stairs.

He said Rosita was dead, and he thought the "little brother" would die also, for, while he was struggling with him, a policeman had crept up and struck him over the head with a heavy iron bar.

"Here we are at the Casa Stanley," she said, as they stopped before the carved doors. "Come in. Dick will want to see you. He can thank you better than I."

"No one can thank me like you," Tony replied. "And I must go to the hotel. This arm of mine pains a little. No, not broken," he answered, trying to smile, "but 'little brother' wrenched it a trifle."

Constance, however, would not accept his easy assurance that it was all right. "You must come in, Dick will want you."

"Do you want me, though?" She did not answer that; but, as she let the knocker fall, turned with tears in her eyes.

"Will you come, Tony?"

"I will come," he insisted, "if you want me."

The big doors swung open.

"I want you," she said, slowly.

And the doors clanged behind them.

—Edith Wagner, in the Argonaut.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Who sings in grief procures relief.

He loves thee well who makes thee weep.

That which is lightly gained is little valued.

A woman that marries for a home pays big rent.

Some of our happiest moments are spent in air castles.

You can very often count your friends by your dollars.

Only those can sing in the dark who have a light in the heart.

A man's idea of a perfect woman is one who thinks he is perfect.

There is no jewel in the world so valuable as a chaste and virtuous woman.

Even in traveling in a thorny path it may not be necessary to step on all the thorns.

He who seeks after what is impossible, ought in justice to be denied what is possible.

Marrying a man to reform him is equal to putting your fingers into a fire to put it out.

When two souls have but a single thought, they should stop spooning and get married.

A man's cynicism is bounded on the north by his vanity and on the south by his digestion.

When you say "I don't care," try to see that your tone of voice doesn't indicate that you do.

It is always a mystery to a woman why her husband doesn't seem to pity old bachelors more.

Life is like a nutmeg grater. You have to rub up against the rough side of it to accomplish anything.

Every woman has an idea that she can judge a man by looking straight in his eyes—but can she?—The South-West.

Remarkable Glacier Eruption.

A remarkable glacier eruption occurred during the early part of the present year in the south of Iceland. A postman was crossing the sands of Sakeitara when he heard sounds proceeding from a glacier two miles in front of him and saw large masses of ices being hurled up into the air from the glacier. This was followed by a flood, which began descending to the sands below. He promptly fled, and when he returned, about a week later, he saw a belt of ice waves extending from the glacier to the sea, a distance of at least twenty-five miles. The average breadth of this belt was about four miles. The height varied from seventy to ninety feet. On the other side of the ice field were newly formed torrents which sprang from the glaciers. No one was injured by the glacier eruption, which, it is thought, may have some connection with the severe earthquakes of last summer.

Writing on Glass.

The easiest way to write or paint on glass, says the Philadelphia Record, is to take a solution of fish glue and distribute it with a soft brush over the surface of the glass. Of course the solution must be carefully filtered, and when it is applied to the glass pane the glass must be held over a stove or lamp in a slanting direction to allow the surplus solution to flow off and to dry thoroughly without streaking. When the pane has been prepared in this way it is ready to write or paint upon. Even writing of microscopic minuteness can be applied to the prepared glass surface without the danger of the ink running. On this surface water colors, India ink and any kind of pigment may be employed.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Synonymous Terms.

We clip from Dun's Review the following:

"St. Louis—Business has improved in all lines this week two to fifteen per cent. Groceries are in the background, but promise improvement soon with better roads."

Memphis—Since the waters receded and country roads have improved, trade and collections have been better."

Moral—Good roads and good business are synonymous terms.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Farmer's Views.

The farmers' real taxes are not those which he pays into the town treasury, but the most burdensome tax is the unnecessary expense which he must meet wherever he does his work at a disadvantage. If he insists on cutting grass with a scythe where a mowing machine could be used, he is taxing himself by as much as the increased labor, but it doesn't seem like taxes because it isn't called by that name.

If he goes twice to town instead of once with a given load, his tax is very materially increased, but in spite of this, he too often objects to paying out the dollar that might bring him two in another way. In view of these facts, it is refreshing to receive a letter from a farmer, who says that he believes in the extensive building of permanent highways for the reason that such means of communication would decrease the farmers' taxes rather than increase them.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Good Roads and Broad Tires.

The movement in favor of good roads which has at last really begun to agitate rural communities all over the country involves many contributory issues of considerable importance. For instance, associations which have undertaken the task of improving the country roads are generally advising farmers to make use of broad tires upon their wagon-wheels, instead of the narrow tires which cut and rut a soft road so deeply.

It is not easy to induce the farmers to follow this advice, because it implies and requires at the outset the repairing of the road. Broad-tired wagons could make little or no progress over some of the muddy and rough roads which are too often found not far from the busiest and most thriving cities. Narrow wheels cut their way through more easily, but only at the cost of exhausting the horses which draw the wagon, and of still further injuring the road as a thoroughfare.

If the highway could but be improved sufficiently to bear the heavy tires, the wheels would act like a miniature road-roller, and assist in keeping the road in good condition instead of tearing it to pieces.

As an immediate result, access to markets would be made much more easy, draught animals would gain in efficiency and length of service, and it would be possible to transport larger loads with greater ease and convenience than is the case at present.

The farmers and the rural communities which they control hesitate to take the first step because of the immediate expense involved. It ought not to be hard to convince so intelligent a portion of the community that real economy, both of labor and money, would be gained by improved road-beds and the use of broader tires.—The Youth's Companion.

Avoca, Ia., is making some extensive road improvements.

A Road Improvement Association has been organized at Lima, O.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has appropriated $800,000 to be used in road building in various parts of the State.

Good roads throughout this Commonwealth are absolutely necessary. I am for the Good Roads bill and all that it means, and will be until it becomes a law.—Representative Ebenezer Adams, of Pennsylvania.

Bad roads caused the death of E. E. Brown, at Deposit, N. Y., recently. Mr. Brown was driving a heavy wagon through the streets of that town when the wagon caught in a rut throwing him to the ground, and the wheel passed over his head, injuring him so severely that he died in a few hours.

Convict labor in road building is being employed in Duval County, Florida, and in North Carolina. In the latter case twenty-one and a half cents per day per head is said to cover the cost of food, clothes, medical attendance and guards, compared with twenty-eight cents per day for maintaining the same prisoners in jail.

Growing Crystals.

A method of growing crystals of unusual lustre and transparency has been described to the French Academy by P. de Wateville. The small crystal is mounted in such a manner that it can be continuously rotated several times in a second while growing in the saturated solution. Alum crystals grown in this way at fifty degrees successively lose their dodecahedron and cube faces, and at last have only those of the octahedron. Especially fine results were obtained with potassium and ammonia alums, copper sulphate and sodium chlorate.